"There Was Miss Lynch Between the

Choice of Her Heart and a Possible \$2,000,000. She Could Take One

or the Other, but Not Both. She

Took the Man, Which Raises

the Question: 'Is Any Man Worth \$2,000,000? 'Yes'—

Says Clara Morris -

and the Whole World Besides.'"

Is Any Man's Love Worth

most of it is-was thrilled by the story of the elopement of a stenographer in the White House with the heiress to \$2,000,000. What interested it still more is that the bride, Mrs. T C. Sullivan, formerly Miss Louise Lynch, of Lakewood, N. J., exclaimed, on alighting from the train at Washington:

"Maybe I've lost my fortune, but Tom's worth it!"
The romantic incident raises the question: "Is any man worth \$2,000,000?"

Mrs. T. C. Sullivan would vote "Yes." Mrs. Marie Tudor-Garland-Green, who gave up a legacy of \$10,000,000 for a husband and lost both husband and money, would vote "No." Miss Clara Morris, once the greatest American actress, now one of our foremost writers, answers the question.

## By Clara Morris

S any man worth two million dollars? If, as the calm, cool Emerson says: "A ruddy drop of manly blood The surging sea outweighs,"

then surely the entire man could outweigh two million dollars, even in the form of silver cart-Is a man worth two millions to any woman? Why, certainly. Of course, men may be worth two millions for two months. And then

something is apt to happen. The scales may something is apt to nappen. Ine scares may begin to tremble, stop, tremble again, pause, and then, with a head-bumping rush, the man plate goes up, up, and the money plate, with the golden lustered millions comes down,

down-my!

Whether the fault lies with the man, the scales or the hand that holds the scales, descales or the hand that holds the scales, descales or the hand that holds the scales of the hand that he had an unusual ponent saith not, but this is not an unusual

Now, speaking of the money value of men at once brings to mind the pretty Lakewood lassie whose "All for love and millions well lost" pose is so charmingly unconvincing. She is talking right through her best hat, and

at the same time, showing us once more the born American's love of bluffing and the young, up-to-date society girl's curious craving for the admiration of profanum vulgus and for general public notice in print.

This modern Juliet, brushing aside the large inheritance, cries with dramatic fervor: "Love is supreme." And so it is—as long as there's money enough to keep it so.

pretty face straight and assume a high, self-sacrificing air The lovers, in making this madly exciting elopement, were probably fol-lowing the line of lease resistance from mamma. But when she declaims "Love is supreme," if betting on a certainty were not forbidden, I'd wager a big something against a very small something else that if ever that two-million in-heritance is withheld we shall see our Lakewood Juliet, in spite of love's supremacy, marching into court, followed by a full battery of great legal guns, ready to fight for each and every one of those precious two million dollars, because "Love is supreme" but not always en-

Perhaps this reckless and desperate elopement is, after all, best explained by sentimental

The maiden herself will steal after it

Wise guys, those poets, aren't they? "But, is any man worth two millions? That can scarcely be called a fair

Mrs. Marle Tudor-Garland-Green, Who Lost a Fortune of \$10,000,000 for



question, and really it can't be answered categorically without qualification, soft pedal or brake. Of course, a girl in the brief, divine madness of young love, with eyes just opened to the world's wondrous beauty, primal, fresh, or when God pronounced it good, and from the purple and silver nights, the golden mists and rosy light of day, concludes heaven and earth to be interchangeable terms, she in that condition of mind would cast away a million as readily as an olive pit. But the man who would urge a girl to such action must be a monster of selfishness

and vanity, and by his own act is marked down in price to the irreducible fraction of a dollar. And yet, and yet, I have faith to believe there may be a few—oh, very few—men extant, worth such a price even—two million. Though I'd rather take the job of locating poor Charley Ross, or that fountain of eternal youth, rather than search. than search for those so worthy gentlemen. There is a woman in Pennsylvania who paid one million for her husband, and five years laterlisten-five years later, the had not repented. I saw him, already a little tant, tired lines about the eyes that still twinkled laughter before it sounded from his lips.

This man and his Laura had made the tenderest kind of love match. Time came when there were four children. Their home was their own, but was very modest. The one real trouble of her life was the endless straining, till her eyes fairly bulged, to make two inelastic ends meet. Then lo! An ancient maiden great aunt—a An ancient maiden great aunt-a man-hater from her cradle, offered to leave to great niece Laura something over one million dollars, conditional upon her leaving her husband and resuming her maiden name—the children she might keep with her.

The man bravely advised acceptance. "I shall have the man bravely advised acceptance."

The man bravely advised acceptance. "I shall have the memory of our early love, of the fears and hopes and joys that came to us with cach new life. Our love has lived, but, dear, I can't free you from anxieties, I can't feed your beauty-starved soul. This will mean comfort, music, art, travel, and, oh, my dear, think what educations for the children."

And after that he argued no more. Laura was to decide, but automobiles were a great novelty then, and he hired one and sent his brood for a drive, spoiling it all by leaving himself out. In other ways, he tried to make them understand what that money might mean to them, but Two weeks she had for thought, and, over against the many joys that million could provide,

against the many joys that million could provide, she set daily, never wearying companionship, understanding sympathy, ready protection, and in "truth's truth, love."

The hour came. The husband returned from the office with a white, tired face. Laura pushed him into a chair. "The children want to see you a moment before tea." His hands clenched. out a boyish hand, saying:

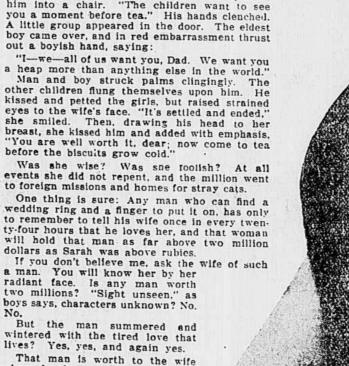
before the biscuits grow cold."

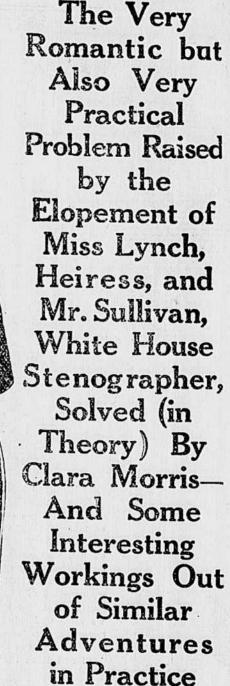
to remember to tell his wife once in every twen-ty-four hours that he loves her, and that woman dollars as Sarah was above rubies.

If you don't believe me, ask the wife of such

No.
But the man summered and

lives? Yes, yes, and again yes. That man is worth to the wife whom he loves the whole world and the fullness thereof





The Warning Case of the Woman Who Gave Up \$10,000,000 for a Second Husband--- and Then Lost Him Too

between a full heart and a full purse pause and reflect upon the story of Mrs. Marie Tudor-Garland-Green.

A part of her name starts your mind back upon the trail of school days and crams and English history. Quite right. The law of association of ideas is again demonstrated. The grande dame of the multiple names is indeed a descendant of kings, those kings who changed their minds and hearts with equal celerity, and who, when they tired of their mates, chopped off their heads and cried with arms extended, "Next!" Yes, Mrs. Tudor-Garland-Green was a lineal descendant of the capricious ones. When she had married that ten-million-dollar matrimonial prize of Boston, Jimmy Garland, the bridegroom himself decided that his wife had inherited the family characteristics.

She was very beautiful and she loved admiration. Has not admiration been the birthright of beautiful women ever since Eve encountered the admiring gaze of the serpent? But Jimmy Garland proved himself unreasonable, his wife thought. In heated moments she even compared him with the Sultan of Turkey and with that person of reprehensible practices, Blue Beard.

They carried their quarrels to the courts. The

so they did, but found their different ways so lonely and unsatisfying that they arrangedat least Mrs. -Garland so arranged-that their ways should cross again. To be seen with Mrs. Garland was to conquer. The divorced pair remarried and lived together again, to all appearances happily, until Mr. Garland's death.

That gentleman's will proved that he had remembered his wife's alluring beauty, likewise its power to attract all men, also the Tudor capriciousness and his own pangs because of it. Therefore Mr. Garland had constructed a

will and these were its terms: Mrs Garland was to have all interest and emoluments accruing from the ten millions so long as she lived unless-mark that which follows the "useless"-she married again. In which event, the inescapable document said, "all pay-

For six years Mrs. Garland mourned her Jimmy becomingly, first in black suitably sombre, then black lightened by touches of white, then, with black and white about equally com-mingled, purple-touched black, and for a long time purple of the most regal shade. Finally the purple was lightened by gray and then euter Mr. Francis Cushing Green.

Mr. Green was a favorite in New York society courts, believing the quarrels could never be and a civil engineer. He certainly "had a way Copyright, 1915, by the Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

about him." That "way" Mrs. Tudor Garland found irresistible, so completely irresistible, in truth, that the interest and all emoluments of the Garland ten millions faded to the vanishing point beside them. They were married at Day End Farm, where the bride had mourned for six years. The mourning being changed to feasting, they sailed to Europe.

They remained in Europe for several years. While they had set forth to that bourne of honeymooners togther, it was startling to see Mr. Green return alone. He resumed life in New York. He said little of his wife. But Mrs. Green had something to say of him.

She said it after her return, also alone. opinion of him was set forth in legal phrase-ology, prepared for the court at Barnstable, Mass. She charged that he had been unfaithful to her, and asked that she be released from a union that had become galling to her. Vanished the ten millions. Lost the husband. Lost \$10,000,000 staked for love, and love

What is a man worth, if anything, to a woman?

The courts have established a precedent in this respect. When women come to them with hearts bleeding, crushed or broken, according to the more or less advanced stage of the affections, the courts set a value, or no value, on the man.

Miss Elizabeth Leona Garmong, being deprived of the love and society of a man who forgot to keep his promises to marry her, was awarded by a Maine court a monetary substitute in the form of \$116,000. John Brooks Henderson, Jr., son of the multimillionaire Senator from Missouri, was adjudged by the courts to to worth that sum. Much less than the two millions at which Miss Louise Lynch, daughter of Mrs. Jasper Lynch, rated her spouse. But a tidy sum on which a mald might sit amidst the ashes of her life and try to mend her broken

The Baroness Ursula Barbera von Kalinowsky thought that Michael J. Hurley, of St. Louis, was worth a quarter of a million dollars to her. A cruel judge, faced by 76,000 words of testimony, but missing the presence of the Baroness, dismissed the case. On the other hand, in a suit by Miss Daisy Markham in the courts of London selling for London, asking for a money equivalent of her missing Marquis of Northampton, the temper of the court was so manifestly sympathetic that the trial ended upon the Marquis's promise to render the money equivalent out of court. The Marquis agreed with his former betrothed's estimate of his worth. For he paid the full quarter-million dollars. Yet the testimon, of Mrs. T. C. Sullivan and Mrs. Tudor Garland Green proves that women place a higher rating upon men than courts do.